

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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A STERN CHASE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

THE THIRD PART.

CHAPTER VI. FINDING A FLAW.

"A ROMANCE in real life, indeed," said Captain Wharton, when Rodney came to the end of the story of his visit to Miss Merivale. "I suppose so successful a pull upon a man's recollections of twenty years before has seldom been made. It is odd, too, that I have a perfectly distinct remembrance of the young pair, and of all the circumstances. To be sure it was the only elopement I ever had a hand in, and a remarkable case in itself. And to think of it having ended so sadly!"

The friends were sitting at one of the innumerable tables in a vast dining-room of the Langham Hotel. There was a pleasant solitude around them; only a few stragglers remained at the farther end of the room. Captain Wharton was enjoying himself thoroughly in Rodney's society. His wife and their beautiful daughter, a brilliant, firefly sort of girl, whose word was law to her proud and obedient parents, had informed him that they did not want him to escort them that evening. His pleasure in Effie's enjoyment of the delights of London, and in the admiration which her rare and novel loveliness everywhere excited, never flagged; yet Captain Wharton was obliged to remind himself now and then that he was not so young as he had been.

Twenty years had changed both Rodney and Wharton; the first into a middle-aged, the second into an elderly man, but they had treated the two gently. Rodney's upright figure, frank countenance, quick, penetrating glance, and slow, humorous

smile, were all untouched by time; the thinning of his hair, and the deepening of the lines in his face, were the only marks of the handiwork of the destroyer. Captain Paul Wharton was now a white-haired gentleman, with whom it was more than ever difficult to associate the idea of a life passed in the toil and danger of seafaring. Alertness of movement unusual at his age, and a readiness of resource, characteristic of men whose business is in the deep waters, were all that told of Paul Wharton's former experience. At home—his beautiful, refined home at Boston—he was a quiet dweller among his late-acquired treasure of books; abroad, he was well content that his claims to notice and distinction should rest upon the fact that he was the husband of the charming Mrs. Wharton, and the father of the brilliant and lovely Effie.

"I remember it all, as if it only happened last week," said Captain Wharton: "the girl's terrible nervousness, and Rosslyn's unconsciousness that there was any stronger reason for it than their elopement. I can see her face now, as I said good-bye to her, and assured her it was impossible that any information about them could reach Jamaica from Cuba until they should be safe in England. I can recall the words I said: 'Supposing you were recognised here, the steamer by which you will sail for England will have left Kingston before there is any means of getting from Jamaica to Cuba. It won't matter then how soon the truth is known.' She was aware that you had told me all, and she let me see her fear of her cousin plainly. I tried to rally her out of it, but in vain; it was half-superstitious, and of course that is always hopeless, especially in the case of a Spanish woman."

"Her fear was well-founded, as I felt with

sincere conviction at the time, or I should not have mixed you up with the matter," said Rodney. "I confess I have never been able utterly to discard belief in the Evil Eye, and, if ever it existed, Norberto de Rodas possessed that baleful influence. Look at this very instance. The girl was rescued, the villain was defeated, her lover was saved, the marriage was accomplished, but Norberto triumphed in the end; his curse was fulfilled; his successful rival perished within a few hours of home, after a few days of happiness, and the girl's after fate does not bear thinking of."

"True; but you don't want the Evil Eye to account for all that—the plain devil suffices. Her cousin's wickedness drove the poor girl to the fatal step she took; but Rosslyn's death must have been pure accident, and, after all, it is from that the ulterior consequences have come. There is one point in the narrative, however, which seems obscure. It is the motive which led the poor girl to abstain from communicating with her husband's family when she reached England. Even supposing that her knowledge was of the slightest, she knew that Rosslyn was a man of means, an artist, therefore known to a certain extent, and that his father was living. I remember her telling me that he had said his father and sister would welcome her; then why did she not apply to them? Granting that she was ever so helpless, she would at all events have consulted a minister of her own religion, and there would have been little difficulty in discovering Dr. Rosslyn. Did not the full force of this strike you, when Miss Merivale related the story to you? Apart from the results to herself, it is incomprehensible that the poor girl should have left her husband's father and sister ignorant of his fate. How terrible have been the consequences! What years of suspense and misery she inflicted upon them!"

"I have thought of all these points," said Rodney, "and discussed them with Miss Merivale; but she threw no more light upon them than Mr. Dexter had done. She remembered with perfect distinctness what Willesden had told her—indeed, her clear-mindedness and recollection are remarkable. She put it strongly to him that Mrs. Rosslyn's not having applied to Dr. Rosslyn in the first instance was inexplicable, and that his not having done so, afterwards, when he could have recommended himself by revealing the existence of the child, was, if possible, more inex-

plicable still. He freely admitted this; and when she observed that it was the weak point in his story, he admitted that also, but coolly added that he relied upon the strong points."

"There cannot be any fraud in the matter, I suppose?"

"Not so far as the facts concerning the poor girl are concerned. Of course, Miss Merivale was put to ransom by Willesden, who was an undoubted scoundrel—his own account of himself makes that abundantly evident. Mr. Dexter does not know what amount of money the fellow got from her, and with me she naturally did not touch upon the subject."

"I suppose this part of the story will never be cleared up. After all, considering the lapse of time, it is very strange that so much should have come to light; and not the least curious link in the chain of circumstances is the seeming accident of Mr. Dexter's being at hand at the moment when Miss Rosslyn had attracted your attention, to tell you all about her. Another illustration of the world's being a very small place."

"It was an odd sensation," said Rodney irrelevantly, "to find myself talking with people who had for so long believed me to be dead. Miss Merivale showed me the report sent to Dr. Rosslyn by the agent who went out to Cuba. By-the-bye, we shall meet the very man at dinner at The Quinces, on Thursday, most likely; and Colonel Courtland also told me about a letter written by this gentleman to him, in which the brief announcement, 'Mr. Rodney is dead,' was made. You will not be surprised that no incident in the whole case impressed me more strongly than this; and if you don't mind my being more than a little tedious, I will try to show you why I regard it as a more important feature than at first sight it seems to be."

"I'm profoundly interested," replied Captain Wharton, "and all abroad as to how such a mistake was made."

"It was no mistake. Bear in mind the person who told Dr. Rosslyn's agent that Mr. Rodney was dead. That person was Don Norberto de Rodas. Bear in mind the persons with whom the agent was in communication—the English Vice-Consul, Don Gualterio's servant, Juan, and Don Pepito Vient. None of the three knew anything about me, and Don Gualterio, to whom I had written after I reached New York, was not in the island. The lie fulfilled Don Norberto's

purpose. It convinced the agent that his task was fruitless and must be abandoned, and, supposing Don Pepito afterwards remembered anything at all about it, it was easy for Don Norberto to say that he had been mistaken."

"That is plain enough; but I don't see the man's motive."

"Don't you? It is as clear as day to me, and it fits in exactly with a notion of mine respecting him, which I well remember to have imparted to poor Rosslyn—the notion that there was vast potentiality of undeveloped wickedness in Norberto de Rodas. In deceiving Dr. Rosslyn's agent, and inducing him to give up his mission as a bad job, Don Norberto had two objects to gain—the preservation of the family secret concerning Fair Ines," it was strange how easily he dropped back into the familiar words after all those years, "and most effectual revenge upon his rival—whom he hated, depend upon it, dead or living, as only such a man can hate—and also upon the unfortunate girl who had, at all events, and at the very worst that could befall her, escaped from him. He accomplished both those objects, the first, manifestly, because the agent left Santiago without any suspicion that Ines was not in the convent, or that I was still in the land of the living; the second, presumptively, because the mission of the agent had disclosed to him that evil of some kind had befallen his cousin and her husband, and that whether Hugh Rosslyn were living or dead—the latter being far the more probable—Ines was without the aid and protection of his family. These two pleasant subjects of contemplation were provided for Norberto de Rodas by the agent's abortive mission. As I remember him, twenty years ago, he must have revelled in them."

"What a fiend you depict in a phrase!"

"He was a fiend in malignity of spirit, and an adept in most of the merely human vices as well. I wonder whether he has yet gone to his own place, or whether he is now a prosperous, pious, and popular personage in Santiago de Cuba."

"There were more fiends than one in the business. What wretches the girl's father and step-mother proved themselves, too. After seven years' ignorance of her fate, to learn that it had been so terrible, and to disown her child! Why, Rodney, it's a disgrace to human nature!"

"It is indeed; and even when I have said what I am going to say, the case is

black enough against Don Saturnino de Rodas and his wife. But I have the strongest conviction—it came to me while I was talking with Miss Merivale—that the whole thing was the doing of Don Norberto."

"Impossible, Rodney. Her own parents must have told the falsehood about the girl's being in the convent; no influence could have prevented them from taking measures to ascertain her fate, and if any had been resorted to they must have succeeded easily. You, yourself, were within reach of enquiry from Cuba. No—no; the cruel resolution to abandon her was taken when the lie that was devised to save the family credit, according to their notions, was told; and it was ruthlessly carried out in that vile letter, which was written in answer to the communication addressed to them when the child was found."

"That letter was written by Norberto de Rodas, and it forms one of the strongest grounds of my conviction. There is not a scrap of evidence that Don Saturnino or Doña Mercedes had anything to do with it, or that they ever saw the letter to which it was an answer. There is not a scrap of evidence that they ever heard of the agent's visit to Santiago. Why should they? Not a breath of rumour had ever connected the names of Hugh Rosslyn and Ines de Rodas. If it suited the purpose of Don Norberto to conceal the circumstance from them, he had only to keep his own counsel; it was nobody's business to reveal it. I knew those people well. Don Saturnino was a weak person; he adored his wife, and did not particularly care about his daughter; but he was not inhuman, and—though he would no doubt have assented to the first falsehood, for the sake of the family pride, credit, and honour—I am perfectly sure that he would not have been induced by any influence to consent to ignorance of the fate of Ines. I took the measure of Doña Mercedes, too, with tolerable accuracy in those old days, and although I knew her to be cold-hearted, hard-hearted, profoundly self-interested, and that she disliked her step-daughter, I could not believe her capable of such cruelty as this."

"Then how is their conduct to be interpreted?"

"As I believe, by imputing it, as it appears, to Don Norberto de Rodas. Allowing that they consented to the lie about the convent; granting even that Doña Mercedes suggested it, they would

only have regarded it as a temporary expedient for suppressing scandal, and we might then conclude that the task of making secret enquiry would have fallen to Don Norberto. Let us suppose, for the sake of working out my theory, and also to rid those people of odium of which I cannot believe them deserving, that he did to them in the case of Ines what he did to Dr. Rosslyn in the case of myself——"

"Told them she was dead, do you mean?"

"Told them she was dead, knowing that they would accept his word for it; and then left her to the utter abandonment which he must have hoped for and foreseen from the nature of the agent's mission."

"It is a strong web of conjectural villainy that you have woven, Rodney. You bring out the 'potentiality' you spoke of a little while ago on a grand scale; but there is a great deal in your theory of this man's conduct that is consistent with all you knew of him when you came to me on board the old Manhattan. The scoundrel who had scared the poor girl to such desperation at that stage of the business, would undoubtedly be capable of carrying out the scheme you have guessed at. The only thing against it is the presumption of great folly on the part of the people he was deceiving, and the extraordinary improbability of the girl's not having communicated directly with her father, when she fell into the distress which ultimately threw her into Willesden's hands."

"Unless I could make you understand the state of things in the De Rodas family, as I remember it," said Rodney, "I could not meet your first objection convincingly; so I must leave it, merely saying that it does not present so much difficulty to me, and that the reason is not because I am enamoured of my own reading of a riddle. Your second objection I can more readily dispose of. Although Willesden could not give Miss Merivale any information on the point, there is no reason why we should conclude that Fair Ines did not appeal directly to her father; but nothing would be easier than for Norberto de Rodas to suppress the communication. He would only have had to watch for such a thing, and he would naturally have been expecting it from the time when the agent's mission apprised him that calamity of some kind had overtaken Ines, and that Rosslyn's family knew nothing about her. He had free access to Don Saturnino's papers; his part in the business gave him that; he had

only to be on the alert when the mail from England was delivered, and, if he secured and concealed one letter from Ines, he might feel pretty confident that he need not fear the coming of a second."

"You think, then, she would not try again?"

"Yes; I feel sure her timidity and her despair would prevent her from making any further attempt."

Captain Wharton looked doubtful, and shook his head. The weak point in the cleverly-constructed and plausible case made by Rodney for Don Saturnino and Doña Mercedes de Rodas made itself evident to him, where the weak point in Willesden's statement to Liliás Merivale had made itself evident to her. In neither the case nor the statement was the influence upon Ines of her child's interest sufficiently recognised. Liliás had argued that no consideration such as Willesden named would have withheld Ines from making her position known to her lost husband's father when it became a question of letting her child want. Again, nothing in the case as put forward by Rodney, Captain Wharton felt, accounted for Ines's making no second application to her father when it had become a question of letting her child want. Far as Rodney still was from divining the whole truth, he had worked out a great deal of it in his ingenious brain; but Wharton had detected a flaw in the web, because, whatever he might be doing or talking of, his own daughter was never out of his mind, and as he listened to the story of Ines his fancy linked it with that of Effie. Thus, the note of sympathy, which is the truest enlightenment, was struck.

"The villain must have been lucky in his villainy and have secured all she wrote," said Captain Wharton, "for it is totally impossible that she made no farther effort. But, even so, I still find it difficult to account for her being driven to the despair which induced her to marry so soon. The alternative can have been nothing short of starvation, and that, they say, no one can face. No woman can face it for her child, certainly."

"Extreme helplessness and ignorance of everything English had probably as much share in forcing her to that resource as actual penury," said Rodney. "A deserted child in a wilderness is the only image of the desolation of Fair Ines that I can conjure up. Born and reared amid wealth, luxury, and indulgence, and with all the

helplessness of a Creole lady—ah, it does not do to think of, even as a thing past and gone so many years ago!"

Captain Wharton was silent. In his mind's eye was a vision of Hugh and Ines as he had seen them, standing side by side in the moonlight on the deck of his good ship, the girl's starry eyes uplifted to their kindred skies, the young man's bent on hers with a lofty look of love, reverence, and protection, while the silver sea lay glittering in a boundless plain around them—the silver sea, so soon to be the grave of that true lover. Twenty years ago!—and here was he, Paul Wharton, an elderly man, prosperous and happy, to whom that same sea had ever been propitious and beneficent, with as keen a pang of pity at his heart for the bridegroom and the bride as though their fate had befallen them yesterday.

"You're right, Wharton—you're quite right," said Rodney, after a meditative pause. "Even if I have worked it out rightly, there's a missing link, and I don't see how it is ever to be supplied."

"Nor I. Have you any idea of the present state of things in the Rodas family? I gathered from what you said that you don't know anything about the villainous nephew, who is now probably a local magnate."

"I know nothing, because I have never enquired. But my old friend, Don Gualterio, is still alive, well, and erratic. At least, he was all this at the beginning of the year, when I came upon him in the Yosemite, tranquilly sketching *El Capitan*. I had not heard of him for a long time previously. He wanted me to go back to Cuba when he should be going; but my face was set for Europe just about that time. I shall write to him, after I have seen Miss Merivale and Colonel Courtland again, for all the preliminary information that will be required."

"You are sure of your facts about Doña Ines's inheritance from her mother?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Do you know, Rodney, the money part of this matter is the strongest argument, to my mind, for the correctness of your notion that the villain suppressed, not only the poor girl's own letters, but also the communication made on behalf of Miss Merivale when Willesden gave up the child. You see, the money which Doña Ines inherited from her mother did not belong to Don Saturnino at all, and you have spoken of him as an honourable person."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, he might have refused to take back his daughter, or to have anything to do with her, either from pride, anger, revenge, or all those bad motives combined; but he would not have been likely to rob her of her just inheritance, and, when he had been informed of her death, to go on robbing her child, just because the lady who had taken charge of her was not aware that the child had any rights. Don't you agree with me that the two actions belong to different kinds of baseness and turpitude, and that a man might do the one thing who could never be induced, by any security of impunity, to do the other?"

"Of course I do," said Rodney, with a keen look of satisfaction; "and I see how strongly your observation supports my theory. That's the second time you've hit where I've missed, Wharton. If I know anything at all of men, Don Saturnino de Rodas would be absolutely incapable of a dishonest action, although he might be persuaded into an unfeeling and revengeful one. The question is settled for me: every communication was suppressed; the existence of his grandchild is unknown to the old man, if he be still living."

"I think that is the only way out of it," said Captain Wharton quietly; "and I should say the next scene of this drama—with so long an interval between the acts—will be of a lively and exciting nature. Of course, Miss Merivale has not as yet considered the steps to be taken in consequence of what you have told her."

"No; I fancy not. A first consultation with you, and then a general council under the advice of Mr. Dexter, is as far as she has got."

"It's getting late," said Captain Wharton, looking at his watch. "My wife and Effie will be back from their concert presently. Shall we go upstairs? It will be pleasant news for them that Miss Merivale and Miss Rosslyn are coming to call on them to-morrow. Mrs. Wharton was very much struck with both ladies at the play."

Rodney occupied rooms of more modest dimensions, and a good deal nearer the roof of the Langham, than the spacious suite of apartments to which Mrs. Wharton and Effie had already, by some mysterious art, given an air of home. It was past midnight when he sat himself down at the window of his sitting-room for a final smoke, and fell to thinking again over the

occurrences of the day, and the long conversation of the evening. The result of his reflections was the forming of a resolution.

"No agent this time," he said to himself. "I am an idle man for the first time in my life, and I will see the matter through. It is no good waiting to exchange letters with Don Gualterio; there must be somebody left among them who can be brought to an account. She shall not have another spell of suspense in her life if I can prevent it. I will start as soon as I have seen about this confounded place of mine at Southampton."

CHRONICLES OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

MIDDLESEX. PART II.

POPE'S villa and Walpole's Gothic building of Strawberry Hill have given a flavour to Twickenham that it has preserved through all the disillusionments of its modern growth. The name conjures up in the imagination the placid river, the graceful swans, the green sward, the artful artificial plantation.

In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens.

What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade?

What are all these, the poet would say, without the fair creatures who once adorned them—without the especial fair one who, for the moment, received the poet's adoration, an elegant and ethereal passion that might rest like a flower upon the purest bosom. Not that one would like to think in that connection of the hard and unsympathetic Lady Mary Montague, but of that softer and more pleasing train of nymphs, who are pictured by Gay as welcoming their hero back from the visionary land of Homer and the plains of Troy:

I see two lovely sisters, hand-in-hand,
The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown,
Madge Bellenden, the fairest of the land,
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.

And though it would have been a delight to have visited Pope's garden, laid out by his own hands and arranged in dainty devices:

I plant, root up; I build, and then confound,
Turn round to square, and square again to round;

or to have pictured his friends from the great world at work with the little poet, hammering, nailing, and tying up, Boling-

broke, perhaps, his head running upon Jacobite plots, or Peterborough, just home from the war in Spain;

And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines.

Pope had won this villa of his owing to the wonderful success of his translation of the first books of the Iliad having put money in his purse, which he thus judiciously invested. And he came there in March, 1715-16, bringing his father and mother, and his household gods, like any Trojan hero, from the skirts of Windsor Forest to the pleasant and sunny nook which the poet styles alternately "a paltry hermitage" and "my Tusculum."

Pope had already been some years at Twickenham when his friend, Lord Bolingbroke, who had made his peace with the ruling powers, came back to England, and settled in the same county, at Dawley, within an easy drive of Pope's villa.

Still retired and secluded is the little village of Harlington, where Dawley House, or some part of it, is yet standing. This had been the seat, at one time, of the Bennets, one of whom had been made a peer in Charles the Second's time, and was the well-known Lord Arlington, one of the A's of the Cabal. That he should have so unconcernedly dropped the H from the name of his native village, from which he took the title, makes one think that people were not so particular about their h's in those days, and that even exalted personages did not trouble themselves about an aspirate or two. However, Lord Bolingbroke bought the place, and gave out that he had buried himself in the pursuits of a rural life, while he was still near enough to London to be ready for that summons to action which never came. And here Pope visited him often enough, and describes him, in a letter to Swift, as reading the Dean's epistle lying between two haycocks.

Once, in returning from Dawley in Lord Bolingbroke's coach-and-four, Pope had an accident which is, in a literary way, historic. At Whitton, a mile or two from Twickenham, a little river crosses the road, or rather the road should cross the river by a small brick bridge. But this night the bridge was broken down, and the alternative ford was choked by a balk of timber, and my lord's fine coach was upset into the middle of the stream, and the poor poet soused in the water. The great Voltaire was visiting Lord Bolingbroke at the time, and wrote a graceful letter of congratulation—on the escape,

not on the ducking—to his brother poet.

It is like witnessing the feasts of the gods, to read of the meeting of the great men of the rising century, all among the elms and meadows of the green Thames Valley. When Gay and Swift met at Pope's villa, in 1726, one had just finished Gulliver, and the other was beginning to hatch out *The Beggar's Opera*. And then the happy frolics of these days, when dress was stiff but manners were easy! Pope and Swift one day found their way to Marble Hall, close by Twickenham, where dwelt pretty Mrs. Howard, who was often glad to escape there from her burdensome service at Court—that Mrs. Howard who, in later years, as Lady Suffolk, appears in the Heart of Midlothian as the object of Jeanie Deans's unconscious satire. But the mistress was away, and Pope and the Dean made themselves at home in the house, and dined there, served by laughing maids.

But evanescent is the charm of life—that subtle aroma of the wine which vanishes before the bottle is nearly drained. On his next visit to Twickenham the Dean found nothing to his mind. He was deaf and giddy; the tattle worried him; there was too much company; and he found the dullest London lodging more endurable than the once-loved Twickenham.

But Pope had been sleeping some years in his quiet grave when Walpole came to Twickenham. He found the name of Strawberry Hill in one of the old deeds of the property when he bought it, and pleased with the simple name, he rescued it from oblivion. To see Strawberry Hill in lilac time was the great attraction; and even now there are few pleasanter sights than the suburban gardens of Twickenham, with the shrubs in their freshest verdure, and masses of luxuriant bloom which throw the poor, old-fashioned lilacs into the shade—a sight that almost reconciles one to the harsh lines of new houses.

The dainty Horace himself was generally to be found in a flowered silk coat of a delicate lavender hue, moving about among his curios and treasures, from the tribune to the gallery, from the gallery to the Holbein chamber or the Beauchamp closet. Or in the Gothic library, with serious face, he would read over the proofs that Kirgate, his printer, had just brought him from his own Strawberry Hill press. Or we may find him in his garden, with his little, fat lap-dogs puffing and yapping at his heels. Always, too, he is building and adding to

the queer composite edifice for which he has quite an ill-regulated affection. Now a pinnacle is added, or a turret crenellated into warlike guise, or a Gothic window is filled with painted glass. Who would think to see in the dilettante the harbinger of the coming romantic revival in literature, or the Gothic revival in architecture, of which the beginning and end are almost within living memory?

We have followed Pope in his frequent journeys to his friend Bolingbroke at Dawley, and the same route will bring us into a hitherto unexplored country, where the level floor of the Thames Valley is exchanged for gently rising hills, intersected by brooks which, of no great volume in themselves, have made such deep beds in the stiff, tenacious clay as to be formidable obstacles enough to the cross-country rider or pedestrian. One of these brooks, formerly haunted by the solitude-loving crane, has taken its name from that bird, and given it in turn to the secluded village of Cranford.

Cranford on the Crane is quiet and secluded enough to this day, perhaps even more secluded than when from its position on the high Bath road the coaches and carriages of the wealthy rolled by on the way to the festive court of Beau Nash. Formerly part of the extensive possessions of the Knights of St. John, the manor of Cranford fell at the time of the dissolution of religious houses to the house of Berkeley, whose descendants still occupy the Lodge. And to this connection Cranford owes two of its more or less distinguished rectors. Thomas Fuller, the author of the *Worthies*, was chaplain to George, Earl of Berkeley, when he was presented by his patron to the living of Cranford. Worthy Master Fuller died in his lodgings in Covent Garden, and his body was reverently attended to its tomb in Cranford church by two hundred or more of the clergy of London and the neighbourhood. Fuller's successor was the eccentric Dr. Wilkins, who had been warden of Wadham, Oxford, under the Commonwealth. His wife was a sister of the Protector's, and he might thus have been thought quite out of way of promotion under the new regime, but he made friends with the Restoration, and was made Bishop of Chester. It was Dr. Wilkins who first in a literary form projected a voyage to the moon, and sketched out the possibility of a flying man—an idea carried out with a good deal of force in the *Adventures of Peter*

Wilkins, so called, perhaps, in acknowledgment of the suggestion. But the difficulties on the way to the moon have been more completely explored since the doctor wrote, who imagined that birds took their flight there, and that swarms of gnats and flies descended from the same place.

By West Drayton, where the Coln makes its way in many devious channels towards the Thames, stood not long ago an old brick mansion called Burroughs—a moated grange with pensive shaded walks. Tradition has it that here the Lord Protector had a private dwelling—a retreat unknown to any but his closest friends, and not perhaps to more than one of those—and it is said that on Cromwell's death his body was secretly brought to Burroughs; and thus, while pompous obsequies were celebrated over some nameless corpse in Westminster Abbey, in this retired spot beneath the pavement of the hall the veritable relics of the great Protector were interred. There are many curious traditions about the burial of Oliver Cromwell, but this is one of the most curious of them all.

Some way nearer London lies Hayes, a colony of brickmakers and bargees, with an old rectory-house upon the site of the former manor-house, which belonged in old times to the Archbishop. Thus, in the days of the Red King, when he and his witan were at Windsor, and Anselm, the Archbishop, was keeping the feast of Whitsuntide at Mortlake, the King sent a message bidding him go to Hayes, and there remain, so that he might be nearer the King. It was only a question of squeezing money out of the Archbishop, and nothing particular came of the incident; but some parts of the old church may have seen the Archbishop at his devotions, and the Bishops of the realm about him in a swarm. Becket, too, was here often enough, as well as at Harrow, where he had also a residence. Hillingdon Rectory, too, was another episcopal residence, having been given to the Bishop of Worcester that he might have a lodging there on his way between his diocese and London.

We might now visit Uxbridge, the prospect of which, with its smoky industries, is not tempting on a hasty view, but whose name has a familiar ring to the student of the history of the great Civil War. The treaty at Uxbridge was the last serious effort to end the dispute between Crown and Parliament in a peace-

ful manner, and although, perhaps, neither party was quite sincere in the matter, yet the Commissioners met with all due pomp and ceremony. The meetings of the Commissioners were held in a roomy mansion, then belonging to a Mr. Carr, which subsequently became The Crown Inn. The Cavaliers, it is reported, gay and debonair, marched about the town, freely conversing with the townsmen, and carried themselves as if the place belonged to them, while the others, in sad-coloured raiment, were rarely seen out of doors, and then always two or three together, avoiding private conversation with anybody. The Cavaliers had their headquarters at The Crown, while the Puritans bestowed themselves at The George—houses that then faced each other in the market-place.

A few miles to the north of Uxbridge lies Harefield, close to river and canal, where time out of mind there has been an important seat, the site of which may be traced near the ancient church. An old priory of the Knights of St. John—a branch of the Clerkenwell preceptory—once stood near the long straggling village. For long centuries the Newdegates have been connected with Harefield; among whom was the noted Serjeant Newdegate, who refused to serve as judge under the Protector, till Oliver roughly told him that if the red robes would not serve, he would place his red coats in the judgment-seat—an anecdote which may be true in the main, although surely English soldiers were not known as redcoats till a much later date. The Protector did not make much out of his new judge, who, on the trial of Colonel Halsey and others at York, gave the dictum that while the law made it treason to levy war against the King, he knew of none to make it treason to levy war against the Protector. For this Oliver reduced him to the ranks of his profession, but he was restored under Charles the Second, with the rank of a baronet—a title which became extinct with Sir Roger, the last of that branch of the family, and the founder of the Oxford "Newdegate" Prize.

In Elizabeth's time Harefield Place was occupied by her Lord-Keeper, Egerton, whom she visited twice at this place, where the Queen's Walk may still be pointed out. Egerton's widow, who bore the title of her former husband, the Earl of Derby, lived on at Harefield to a good old age. To her it was that Milton in his youth—he living close by at Horton, in Buckinghamshire—

presented his first attempt in the current taste for masques and musical diversions. Only a fragment of the Arcades have come down to us. "Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving towards the seat of state with this song: 'Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, Look!'"

The noble persons in question were, no doubt, her ladyship's grandchildren, the sons and daughter of Lord Bridgwater, and the same who were the performers in the more important work of Comus in the following year, 1634, at Ludlow Castle.

The Countess died in 1637, and her tomb is still to be seen in the ancient church of Harefield, among the monuments of Newdegates and Andersons.

At The Red Lion at Hillingdon, on the high-road west of the church, Charles the First put up for the night or for part of it. "The King was much perplexed," relates his companion, Dr. Hudson, "what to resolve upon—whether for London or the north." Had he thrown himself upon the generosity of his enemies the result might have been far happier. But here he took the fatal resolution of trusting himself to the Scotch, and at two of the clock took a guide towards Barnet.

It would not be an easy way to find, even in this nineteenth century, without taking the way through Harrow, which was then probably barred by the vedettes of the Parliamentary forces. Even now there is a bare and thinly-populated line of wolds between Uxbridge and Barnet, with streams flowing deep in the heavy clay bottoms, and only footpaths and bridle-tracks running in the required direction. On the left might be seen lights in cottage-windows in Ickenham village, while Swakeley Hall, a then new Italian mansion rising white and ghostlike among the trees, was the home of an uncompromising enemy, Sir William Harrington, destined afterwards to sit in judgment upon the King and sign the warrant for his execution. Farther on the woods of Ruislip hung darkly on the horizon, with the windmill on the crest of the hill. Then the fugitives would pass between Pinner and Harrow, the latter with its scattered lights upon the hill, hardly known for its school beyond the immediate neighbourhood. The old moated manor-house of Headstone would be full in the track, once a country-seat of the Archbishops, and

said to have been at times the residence of Wolsey. And then Stanmore would be passed and Edgware reached, from which a well-frequented way through a more sheltered country would bring the travellers without further difficulty to Barnet.

To retrace our steps in the bright daylight of this present era, something may be said on the way about Edgware, familiar in name to Londoners as the object-point of the Edgware Road. The road itself, from its starting-point at the Marble Arch, is comparatively a new one, but it soon falls into the track of the old Roman Watling Street—a track, however, which had been discontinued for many centuries, as the wild and lonely woodland country through which it passed abounded with outlaws and bushrangers, and was altogether a region to be sedulously avoided by travellers.

Following the highway for some two miles beyond Edgware we come to Brockley Hill, where the site of the Roman station of Sulloniacæ is still to be made out; the intermediate stage for soldiers on the march to Verulam, now St. Albans. Tradition, wonderfully retentive in such matters, points to the neighbourhood of the Roman foundations as the hiding-place of untold treasure:

No heart can think nor tongue can tell
What lies between Brockley Hill and Pennywell.

A distich which puts the treasure-seeker well on the track, for Pennywell is little more than half a mile from Brockley Hill, lying about half that distance to the right of the highway, near the village of Elstree, but on this side of the county boundary.

The Roman station belongs to Stanmore parish, whose name records that hereabouts was the meer-stone or boundary mark of the borders of county or Saxon petty kingdom; a stone that was placed in the heart of the wild forest, where stags, boars, bucks, and wild bulls abounded up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the district was disafforested. One little patch of this great forest of Middlesex is still left in Caen Wood and other parcels of woodland, the remains of the great lordship of the Bishops of London.

We have hitherto spoken of Stanmore the great, but Little Stanmore must not be forgotten, within whose boundaries stood one of the greatest of the grand houses of the eighteenth century. James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, was Paymaster of the Forces during Marlborough's campaigns,

and acquired an enormous fortune in that suggestive employment. The ostentation of the man developed itself in the way of building. He began two grand and enormous mansions, one in Cavendish Square, which was never finished, the other at Canons, in Stanmore, which cost a quarter of a million before it was completed.

The enormous house, with its artificial grounds, appears in Pope's satire as Timon's Villa—

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

The Duke was accustomed to dine in public like any monarch, while the dishes were changed to the flourishes of trumpets. He went to his devotions attended by a military guard of honour, and his chapel, with its florid decorations, is recalled by Pope :

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre.

The poet is less happy when he alludes to the musical services :

Light quirks of music broken and uneven,
Make the souls dance upon a jig to Heaven.

For whatever his other absurdities, the Duke seems to have been gifted with excellent musical taste, and Handel himself often acted as "capelmeister" in the ducal chapel. A musical festival would sometimes be held—a Handel festival, with Handel himself as conductor—which drew the critics, and amateurs, and the great world, from London to this then gay and attractive corner of Middlesex.

Apart from his ostentation, the Duke seems to have been an amiable and even generous man, and his former kindness to Pope makes the satire of the latter appear somewhat mean. The poet, like a boy who throws a stone and runs away, denied that he had intended Timon for the Duke, but nobody believed him. Pope was more happy in his prophecy :

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod in the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

The bursting of the South Sea Bubble crippled Timon's fortune, but he continued to live at Canons, with diminished splendour, till his death. The Duke's heir, finding the place too enormous for his means, after vainly trying to dispose of it, pulled it down. A cabinet-maker bought the site—the cabinet-maker of the period, for Walpole speaks of Hallet as the representative of his craft.

A smaller house was built of a portion of the materials of the ducal palace, which retains the name of Canons. The elaborate woodwork and carvings of the mansion furnished the cabinet-makers with abundance of materials, and Wardour Street and Soho were enriched with the spoils of Canons, as during the present century with the treasures of the twin ducal palace of Stowe. An equestrian statue of King George was removed from Canons to Leicester Square, where its hapless fate of slow, ignominious decay excited the derision or compassion of a succeeding century.

In this neighbourhood is Kingsbury, a royal seat in Saxon times, with its ancient church, about which are traces of Roman foundations, and Kingsbury Hyde relieving the dull straight course of the Edgware Road, where Goldsmith retired to write his *Animated Nature*, lodging in a farmhouse just by the sixth milestone from London.

Of Harrow and its school it is not necessary to say much. The school has its own historians, and the school has swallowed up the town. The founder of the school, John Lyon, was a wealthy yeoman who had no more extended view than that of founding a solid, useful school for the sons of his friends and neighbours, preference to be given to the kin of the founder, to natives of Harrow, "and such as are most mete for towardnesse, poverty, or painfulness," while the amusements of the boys were to be limited to driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running, and shooting. The shooting is of course archery, and the use of the bow was kept up at Harrow till the middle of the last century by a yearly match in public on the 4th August, afterwards replaced by a public speech-day. Under the headship of Dr. Thackeray, the school for the first time took its place among the chief public schools of the kingdom.

Harrow-on-the-Hill ends with a bold eminence, the ridge of hills which, intersected by the valley of the Brent, is continued to the heights to the north of London. When Canute was King in London and defended the capital against the West Saxon King, it was along this ridge, probably, that the Danish King marched to meet his assailants. And there is some likelihood that by Horsington Hill, overlooking the valley of the Brent, the great battle of Assandun was fought which decided the fate of the Saxon monarchy. The site of the battle is generally placed among the Essex flats, from the statement in the

Chronicle that combats were fought on the river Crouch, but then we have Crouch End near the source of one of the feeders of the river Brent, which suggests whether the Crouch may not have been an alternative name of that stream.

Horsington Hill looks down on the secluded village of Perivale, which is properly Greenford Parva, and Parva Vale has probably been corrupted into the present name; and a little higher up the stream, where once it flowed in a double channel, is Twyford, where the quiet, unsophisticated country makes its nearest approach to the smoke and smother of London town.

OF THE WRITING OF LETTERS.

WHAT a magic there is in the advent of the postman! Our heart leaps at the two sharp raps and the lifting of the lid of the letter-box. Like Charles Lamb's poor relation, "he is known by his knock". But the magic is not always that of the kind fairy; the post can bring both good and evil; and often when we are cheered by the sight of a well-loved hand, and the little creature of good temper born in our souls is helped and blessed by letters from old friends, from brother or sister, or, maybe, from a dearer source, there comes at the end of the packet the ugly witch of a long, blue, plaguey business-letter, and blights our innocent festival.

But it is not of the receiving of letters so much as of the writing of them that we would now speak. It is a wide field on which our feet are for a few moments straying. Now that we are blest with an Education Act, letter-writing is what everyone is thought able to do, and if speech, which all the philosophers will have it marks off the man from the brute, were taken away, what of that? Would not humanity still be sufficiently distinguished by the faculty of inditing epistles? There are, it is true, disadvantages in this method of communication. It is more trouble and less pleasure to set down in black and white the words that we like to hear flowing smoothly from our own ready tongue, and besides (and this is graver), we miss all that the look of the eyes and the tone of the voice can give us. Many a sad misunderstanding has arisen because a letter has been read with the reader's expression, and not with the writer's. Yet, to balance these drawbacks, letter-writing has its own

conveniences. We are cooler when we sit down to a pad of blotting-paper than when we talk face to face; and what a sense of being master of the situation is ours! If we wish to be complimentary, how comfortably we can round off our happy thoughts, and cheat the hard fate which too often brings our fine sayings to our minds only to give us regret that our opportunity is gone for ever. If we are conducting a controversy, we can collect without let or hindrance our illustrations and our instances, till the argument flows on in an uninterrupted stream, which must needs, we think, carry away our opponent in its waters. If our letter is one of wrath, there is no one to contradict us. We can be severely dignified or frankly angry, and all the time ride triumphant over the offender. I knew a family which clearly understood the value of letter-writing. In the times of tension in domestic politics they always resorted to epistolary instead of oral communications. The tender subject was never alluded to in the converse of the garish day, but at night, as befitted so solemn a matter, one party to the negotiations would softly open his window, and letting down a packet by a string, would dangle it against a lower lattice. When it was opened, the packet entered and was read, and presently an answer rose through the air. Except in degree, there was no difference between the functions of that slight cord, and those of all the Royal and Imperial messengers in Europe.

Letters have played important parts, and stand high in the hierarchy of literature. From the days of Cicero they have been preserved, commented on, and edited—nay, how much of the Sacred Text itself is made up of Epistles! There is something of especial charm about old collections of letters. They show us their authors in veritable flesh and blood. Their writer is not hidden in his periods. Tully, no doubt, thought more of his Offices, but it is the Epistolæ, in which he told his joys and sorrows "*ad Familiares*", which show us him and Rome. He has had plenty of followers in the field. To leap over more than seventeen centuries, let us just recall the worldly old Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters to his son are known to all, and whose correspondence fills four fat volumes. His letters are bright and sometimes witty, if spiced not infrequently with profanity, and often after some most ambiguous sentiment the old reprobate ends with a fervent "God bless you". His style

reminds us of Cicero, and where the Roman quotes Greek, the Englishman interlards his sentences with French. It is not many of us who write such letters nowadays. We are too much in a hurry; for the fatal genius of the nineteenth century who drives us forward ever faster on our way, has robbed us of our time for correspondence. Our letters, like our manners, have lost their stateliness. I myself have seen a letter from a very great man scrawled hurriedly on a scrap of paper.

Ah, what a change is here, my countrymen, from the solemn and leisurely writing of a bygone age!

Two kinds of epistolising have now quite changed their fashion, and seem about to share the extinction of the Dodo. First, are those nameless letters of that Junian kind which caused great commotion, first in the world political, and later in the world literary. Plain-speaking, to great men of that sort, and under that form, is not often indulged in now. The tone is altered, and when such letters are printed they are satirical and not invective. The second change is in the manner of the epistle dedicatory, that once was wont, with many flourishes, and printed bowings and scrapings, to be prefixed to every work. It must have pleased the wealthy patron to find at so cheap a cost a "most humble, obliged, and obedient servant" in an author worth twenty of the man he had to flatter. We have changed all that—and rightly—yet there is an old-fashioned smack about those epistles dedicatory, which sometimes contrasts pleasantly with the follies now to be found on the page next the title, where the author inscribes his book, "To my great-grandmother," or "To everybody in general and nobody in particular."

This rambling essay will best be brought to its end by a simple story, called to my recollection by my subject, of an old man whom I knew when I was a boy.

When young, Benjamin Scrivener had been taken into the service of a large London firm. He had worked his way steadily, and, though he never rose to eminence or wealth, he presently came to occupy a post of some trust in his office. There he had his own corner, where day after day he used to arrive at half-past nine, nor was he ever late but once, when he had stayed to carry home a child that had been hurt by a passing carriage in the street. It was part of his duty to write a number of

letters every morning, and herein was at once the business and the joy of his life, for Benjamin wrote a fair and clerkly hand, and took his pride in his simple and little-varied periods.

At length, when he was well turned of sixty-five, and the hair which still clustered almost as thickly on his head as when he was a boy, was now a reverend silver, he was allowed to retire, and to take with him by way of pension the salary—not a very large one—which he had always been accustomed to receive. The old man determined to go from London, and, with his sister Alice, some ten years younger than himself, who kept his little bachelor household, he came and pitched his tent in the village where I was born, and at that time lived. The cottage which the simple pair took for their dwelling was not in itself beautiful. It was one of those regular, small, red-brick houses, the architecture of which seems modelled on the square habitations of dolls; but over the porch, which looked to the southern sun, blossomed, in June, a great wealth of yellow roses, and on each side of the garden was a goodly border, where tall white lilies flowered, and stocks and sweet-williams and Canterbury bells grew together in loving and prosperous confusion. Beyond the road ran a little brook, and there were fine elms in the field at the side, so that Benjamin Scrivener found a pleasant resting-place for his kind old age.

For the first month all went smoothly, and Benjamin with his sister passed his days happily enough, but at the end of that time a restlessness came over him. Something—he knew not what—seemed demanded of him, and he was troubled and anxious, till finally his vague idea took to itself definite shape, and one morning at nine o'clock, the hour at which he had been used to leave his London lodgings for his office, he started up, brushed his hat, and said that the holiday was over, and he must go back, for he had many letters to write. It was in vain that his sister told him that working days were over. He insisted that he must return, or he would lose his post. Alice quieted him for that day by promising to go back with him on the morrow, and meanwhile prepared for him a desk and stool in a room not ordinarily used. On the following day, when the craze came back, she took him to this room to try if he would be satisfied. A merciful success attended her little

scheme. Old Benjamin mounted the stool, and taking his pen began to write letters in his accustomed manner, with his signature in due form at the end, "Your obedient servant, Benjamin Scrivener, for Mercer Brothers."

He went on the whole of the morning, till his mind was relieved and the daily task seemed over, and from that day he was contented to pass his time in the same manner. His letters were sometimes read, and found to contain mingled together old recollections of his office correspondence, meaningless, but composed with proper precision. His madness never affected him in any other way, and, except for this strange morning habit, he was to the world, what he was to me, a simple and a kindly old man.

For five years his happy life continued, when one summer day he was, as usual in the morning, in his "office", with his sister sitting near him. He had just finished his letters. They were neatly addressed and folded up, and his pen was wiped and put away. Benjamin looked out of the window upon the sunny landscape, and said: "Alice, I am tired, my dear—very tired. I must leave off working soon. I cannot write as once I did." He pointed, with a sigh of regret, to the inscription on one of his envelopes, where the handwriting was more trembling than of old. Then he looked again on the quiet scene he had loved—his garden, the brook, and the pastures beyond, and remained still sitting at his desk, his white head supported on his hand. But he spoke no more. Alice rose hastily, and went to him, and found that Benjamin Scrivener had taken a holiday at last. Peace to thy ashes, gentle soul! No letters need to be written in the land where now thou dwellest, but thou hast found brighter flowers and a sunnier landscape there!

LUNAR FANCIES.

CERTAINLY since, and probably long before, Job "beheld the moon walking in brightness", all the peoples of the earth have surrounded that luminary with legends, with traditions, with myths, and with superstitions of various kinds. In our time, and in our country, the sentiment with which the orb of night is regarded is a soft and pleasing one, for

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon,

is supposed to look with approval upon

happy lovers, and with sympathy upon those who are encountering the proverbial rough places in the course of true love. Why the moon should be partial to lovers one might easily explain on very prosaic grounds—perhaps not unlike that of the Irishman who called the sun a coward because he goes away as soon as it begins to grow dark, whereas the blessed moon stays with us most of the night!

Except Lucian and M. Jules Verne, we do not remember anyone who professes to have been actually up to the moon. Lucian had by far the most eventful experience, for he met Endymion, who entertained him royally, and did all the honours of the planet to which he had been wafted from earth in his sleep. The people of Moonland, Lucian assures us, live upon flying frogs, only they do not eat them; they cook the frogs on a fire and swallow the smoke. For drink, he says, they pound air in a mortar, and thus obtain a liquid very like dew. They have vines, but the grapes yield not wine, but water, being, in fact, hailstones, such as descend upon the earth when the wind shakes the vines in the moon. Then the moonfolk have a singular habit of taking out their eyes when they do not wish to see things—a habit which has its disadvantages, for sometimes they mislay their eyes and have to borrow from their neighbours. The rich, however, provide against such accidents by always keeping a good stock of eyes on hand.

Lucian also discovered the reason of the red clouds which we on earth often see at sunset. They are dyed by the immense quantity of blood which is shed in the battles between the moonfolk and the sunfolk, who are at constant feud.

The reasons why the gentler sex are so fond of the moon is satirically said to be because there is a man in it! But who and what is he? An old writer—John Lilly—says: "There liveth none under the sunne that knows what to make of the man in the moone." And yet many have tried.

One old ballad, for instance, says:

The man in the moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy,
Would he know a sheep's-head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink cyder and brandy

—which may be interesting, but is certainly inconsequential. It is curious, too, that while the moon is feminine in English, French, Latin, and Greek, it is masculine in German and cognate tongues. Now, if there is a man in the moon, and if

it be the case, as is asserted by antiquarians, that the "man in the moon" is one of the most ancient as well as one of the most popular superstitions of the world, the masculine is surely the right gender after all. Those who look to Sanscrit for the solution of all mythological as well as philological problems will confirm this, for in Sanscrit the moon is masculine. Dr. Jamieson, of Scottish Dictionary fame, gets out of the difficulty by saying that the moon was regarded as masculine in relation to the earth, whose husband he was; but feminine in relation to the sun, whose wife she was!

With the Greeks the moon was a female, Diana, who caught up her lover Endymion; and Endymion was thus, probably, the first "man in the moon". The Jews, again, have a tradition that Jacob is in the moon; and we have the nursery story that the person in the moon is a man who was condemned for gathering sticks on Sunday. This myth comes to us from Germany—at all events, Mr. Proctor traces it there with much circumstantiality. Mr. Baring-Gould, however, finds in some parts of Germany a tradition that both a man and a woman are in the moon—the man, because he strewed brambles and thorns on the church-path to hinder people from attending Sunday mass; and the woman, because she made butter on Sunday. This man carries two bundles of thorns, and the woman her butter-tub, for ever. In Swabia they say there is a mannikin in the moon, who stole wood; and in Frisia, they say, it is a man who stole cabbages. The Scandinavian legend is that the moon and sun are brother and sister—the moon here being the male. The story goes that Mani took up two children from earth, named Bil and Hiuki, as they were carrying a pitcher of water from the well Brygir, and in this myth Mr. Baring-Gould discovers the origin of the nursery-rhyme of Jack and Gill! "These children," he says, "are the moon-spots, and the fall of Jack and the subsequent fall of Gill simply represent the vanishing of one moon-spot after another as the moon wanes."

In Britain there are references in the ancient monkish writings to a man in the moon; and in the Record Office there is an impression of a seal of the fourteenth century, bearing the device of a man with a bundle of thorns carried up to the moon. The legend attached is, "Te Waltere docebo cur spinas phebo gero" ("I will teach thee, Walter, why I carry thorns to

the moon"), which Mr. Hudson Taylor, who describes the seal, thinks to be an enigmatical way of saying that honesty is the best policy—the thorns having evidently been stolen.

Chaucer has more than one reference to the man in the moon, and so have most of the older poets. Shakespeare not only refers frequently to "a" man, but in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Peter Quince distinctly stipulates that the man who is to play "the moon" shall carry "a bush of thorns".

The man in the moon, according to Dante, is Cain, carrying a bundle of thorns, and yet in that planet he found located only those mild sinners who had partly neglected their vows. A French legend, on the other hand, identifies "the man" with Judas Iscariot. Per contra, in India, the Buddhist legend places a hare in the moon, carried there by Indra for kindly service rendered to him on earth. May not this hare of the Indian mythology be the moon-dog of some of our own legends? Peter Quince, we know, recommended that the moon should have a dog as well as a bundle of sticks, and the association of the quadruped in the story is very common. The North American Indians believe that the moon is inhabited by a man and a dog. The Maoris believe in the man, but not in the dog, which is not surprising when we remember the limited fauna of the antipodes. The Maori legend runs something like this. A man called Rona went out one night to fetch water from a well, but, falling, sprained his ankle so as to be unable to return home. All at once, the moon, which had arisen, began to approach him; in terror he clung to a tree, which gave way, and both tree and Rona fell on the moon, where they remain even unto this day. Here we have clearly a variation of the "bundle of sticks" legend, but there is an absence of apparent cause and effect in the Maori legend which is unsatisfactory.

More precise is the Bushman legend quoted by Dr. Bleek. According to this, the moon is a man who incurs the wrath of the sun, and is consequently pierced by the knife (the rays) of the latter, until there is only a little piece of him left. Then he cries for mercy for his children's sake, and is allowed to grow again until once more he offends his sunship; the whole process being repeated monthly.

Dr. Rink relates a curious tradition of the Eskimo, which we can hardly quote here, but the gist of it is that a man, who

desired to make his sister his wife, was transformed into the moon, while the woman became the sun. Something like the same legend has been traced as far south as Panama. Another notable thing about Eskimo traditions is that the moon is associated with fertility in woman. This superstition is both very ancient and very widespread, and, indeed, seems to have been the root of the moon-worship of the oriental nations and of the mysterious rites of the Egyptians referred to by Herodotus. Luna is identified by some mythologists with Soma of the Indian mythology—i.e., the emblem of reproduction.

In China, according to Dr. Dennys, the man in the moon is called Yue-lao, and is believed to hold in his hands the powers of predestining marriages. He is supposed to tie together the future husband and wife with an invisible silken cord which never parts while life lasts. Miss Gordon-Cumming, in her recent account of wanderings in China, relates that, in the neighbourhood of Foo-Chow, she witnessed a great festival being held in honour of the full moon, which was mainly attended by women. There was a Temple-play, or sing-song, going on all day and most of the night, and each woman carried a stool so that she might sit out the whole performance. This reminds us of what Mr. Riley states in *The Book of Days*, as related by John Andrey in the seventeenth century: "In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a courtesy to the new moon, and our English women in this country have a touch of this, some of them sitting astride on a gate or stile the first evening the new moon appears, and saying, 'A fine moon! God bless her!' The like I observed in Herefordshire."

As illustrative of this superstition may be instanced a curious practice in this country in olden times, of divination by the moon. It is quoted by Mr. Thiselton-Dyer from an old chap-book: "When you go to bed (at the period of harvest moon) place under your pillow a prayer-book open at the part of the matrimonial service which says, 'with this ring I thee wed'; place on it a key, a ring, a flower, and a sprig of willow, a small heart-cake, a crust, and the following cards: a ten of clubs, nine of hearts, ace of spades, and ace of diamonds. Wrap all these in a thin handkerchief, and, on getting into bed, cover your hands, and say:

"Luna, every woman's friend,
To me thy goodness condescend;
Let me this night in visions see
Emblems of my destiny."

It is certainly hard to imagine pleasant dreams as the result of such a very uncomfortably-stuffed pillow.

In this same connection may be named other items of folk-lore related by Mr. Dyer. For instance, in Devonshire it is believed that on seeing the first new moon of the year, if you take off one stocking and run across a field, you will find between two of your toes a hair which will be the colour of the lover you are to have. In Berkshire the proceeding is more simple, for you merely look at the new moon, and say:

New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true love shall be.

The result is guaranteed to be as satisfactory as it is in Ireland, where the people are said to point to the new moon with a knife, and say:

New moon, true morrow, be true now to me,
That I, to-morrow, my true love may see.

In Yorkshire, again, the practice was to catch the reflection of the new moon in a looking-glass, the number of reflections signifying the number of years which will elapse before marriage. All these superstitions are suggestive of that which Tylor calls "one of the most instructive astrological doctrines"—namely that of the "sympathy of growing and declining nature with the waxing and waning moon". Tylor says that a classical precept was to set eggs under the hen at new moon, and that a Lithuanian precept was to wean boys on a waxing and girls on a waning moon—to make the boys strong and the girls delicate. On the same grounds, he says, Orkney men object to marry except with a growing moon, and Mr. Dyer says that in Cornwall, when a child is born in the interval between an old and a new moon, it is believed that he will never live to manhood.

Dr. Turner relates several traditions of the moon which are current in Samoa. There is one of a visit paid to the planet by two young men—Punifanga, who went up by a tree, and Tafaliū, who went up on a column of smoke. There is another of the woman, Sina, who was busy one evening cutting mulberry-bark for cloth with her child beside her. It was a time of famine, and the rising moon reminded her of a great bread-fruit—just as in our country it has reminded some people of a green cheese. Looking up she said: "Why cannot you come down and let my child have a bit of

you?" The moon was so indignant at being taken for an article of food, that she came down forthwith and took up woman, child, and wood. There they are to this day, for in the full moon the Samoans still see the features of Sina, the face of the child, and the board and mallet.

Mr. Andrew Lang finds in an Australian legend of the moon something oddly like Grimm's tale of "The Wolf and the Kids", which, again, he likens to the old Greek myth of Cronos. The Australian legend is that birds were the original gods, and that the eagle especially was a great creative power. The moon was a mischievous being, who walked about the earth doing all the evil he could. One day he swallowed the eagle. The eagle's wives coming up, the moon asked where he could find a well. They pointed out one, and while he was drinking, they struck him with a stone tomahawk which made him disgorge the eagle. This legend is otherwise suggestive from the circumstances that among the Greeks the eagle was the special bird of Zeus, and it was the eagle which carried off Ganymede.

There is another Australian fable that the moon was a man, and the sun a woman of doubtful reputation, who appears at dawn in a coat of red kangaroo-skin belonging to one of her lovers. In Mexico, also, the moon is a man, across whose face an angry immortal once threw a rabbit; hence the marks on the surface of the planet! These same marks are accounted for in the Eskimo legend to which we have referred, as the impressions of the woman's sooty fingers on the face of her pursuer. By some mythologists the moon is thought to be Medea, but it is more common to interpret Medea as the daughter of the sun—i.e., the dawn.

It is certainly not a little curious to find the moon-lore, as the star-lore, having so many points of resemblance among such widely-separated and different peoples as the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Australians, the Eskimos, the Bushmen of South Africa, the North American Indians, and the New Zealand Maoris. The comparative mythologists would argue from this resemblance a common origin of the myth, and a distribution or communication from one race to the other. The folk-lore mythologists, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, would infer nothing of the sort. They say there is nothing remarkable in all savage races imputing human motives and sex to the heavenly bodies, for, in fact, to this day

there are savages, as in the South Pacific, who suppose even stones to be male and female and to propagate their species. On this method of interpretation the hypothesis is not that the Australians, Indians, etc., etc., received their myths from, say, the Greeks, either by community of stock or by contact and borrowing, but because the ancestors of the Greeks passed through the same intellectual condition as the primitive races we now know. And thus it is that in listening to the beautiful legends of the Greeks, we are but, as Bacon says, hearing the harsh ideas of earlier peoples "blown softly through the flutes of the Grecians".

Now, beside the personality of the moon, and the peculiar influence he or she is supposed to exercise on mortals, there has survived a world-old superstition that the moon has direct influence on the weather. Apropos of this association, we remember a pretty little Hindoo legend which is current in Southern India, and which has been translated by Miss Frere, daughter of Sir Bartle Frere. This is the story as told her by her Lingaet ayah:

"One day the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, the Thunder and Lightning. Their mother (one of the most distant stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return. Now both the Sun and the Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them, without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother; but the gentle Moon did not forget her. Of every dainty dish that was brought round, she placed a small portion under one of her beautiful long finger-nails, that the Star might also have a share in the treat. On their return, their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her bright little eye, said: 'Well, children, what have you brought home for me?' Then the Sun (who was eldest) said: 'I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends, not to fetch a dinner for my mother!' And the Wind said: 'Neither have I brought anything home for you, mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you, when I merely went out for my own pleasure.' But the Moon said, 'Mother, fetch a plate; see what I have brought you,' and shaking her hands she showered down such a choice dinner as never was seen before. Then the Star turned to the Sun, and spoke thus:

'Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and feasted and enjoyed yourself without any thought of your mother at home, you shall be cursed. Henceforth your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. All men shall hate you, and cover their heads when you appear,' and this is why the sun is so hot to this day. Then she turned to the Wind and said: 'You also, who forgot your mother in the midst of your selfish pleasures, hear your doom. You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things, and men shall detest and avoid you from this very time,' and this is why the wind in the hot weather is still so disagreeable. But to the Moon she said: 'Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool, and calm, and bright. No noxious glare shall accompany your pure rays, and men shall always call you blessed,' and that is why the moon's light is so soft, and cool, and beautiful even to this day."

It is remarkable, nevertheless, that among western peoples at any rate, the moon has usually been associated with the "uncanny." It is an old belief, for instance, that the moon is the abode of bad spirits; and in the old story of the vampire, it is notable that the creature, as a last request, begged that he might be buried where no sunlight but only moonlight might fall on his grave. Witches were supposed to be able to control the moon, as witness the remark of Prospero in *The Tempest*:

His mother was a witch, and one so strong,
That could control the moon.

The Rev. Timothy Harley, who has collected much moon-lore, suggests that if the broom on which witches rode to the moon be a type of the wind, "We may guess how the fancy grew up, that the airy creation could control those atmospheric vapours on which the light and humidity of the night were supposed to depend."

But the "glamour" of the moon is not a mere poetic invention or a lover's fancy. Mr. Moncreux Conway reminds us that "glám", in its nominative form "glámir", is a poetical name for the moon, to be found in the *Prose Edda*. It is given in the *Glossary* as one of the old names for the moon. Mr. Conway also says that there is a curious old Sanscrit word, "glau," or "gláv", which is explained in all the old

lexicons as meaning the moon. Hence "the ghost or goblin, Glam (of the old legend of *Grettir*), seems evidently to have arisen from a personification of the delusive and treacherous effects of moonlight on the benighted traveller."

Similar delusive effects are found referred to in old Hindu writings, as, for instance, in the following passages from *Bhāsa*, a poet of the seventh century:

"The cat laps the moonbeams in the bowl of water, thinking them to be milk; the elephant thinks that the moonbeams threaded through the intervals of the trees are the fibres of the lotus-stalk. The woman snatches at the moonbeams as they lie on the bed, taking them for her muslin garment. Oh, how the moon, intoxicated with radiance, bewilders all the world!"

Again:

"The bewildered herdsmen place the pails under the cows, thinking that the milk is flowing; the maidens also put the blue lotus-blossom in their ears, thinking that it is the white; the mountaineer's wife snatches up the jujube-fruit, avaricious for pearls. Whose mind is not led astray by the thickly-clustering moonbeams?"

Such was the "glamour" of Glam (the moon) in ancient eyes, and still it works on lovers' hearts. The fascination has been felt and expressed by nearly all the poets, and by none better, perhaps, than by Sir Philip Sidney:

With what sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the
skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What, may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrow tries?

Sure if that long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.

I read it in thy looks—thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

The number of human beings who have, articulately or inarticulately, cried with *Endymion*, "What is there in thee, moon, that thou should'st move my heart so potently?" is not to be measured in ordinary figures.

To return, however, to the bad side of Luna's character. We read that in *Assyria* deadly influences were ascribed to the moon. In *Vedic* mythology there is a story, which Mr. Moncreux Conway tells in *Demonology and Devil-lore*, of a quarrel between *Brahma* and *Vishnu* as to which was the first born. *Siva* interferes, and says he is the first born, but will recognise as his superior whoever is able to see the crown of his head or the sole of his feet. *Vishnu* thereupon transforms himself into a boar, pierces underground, and thus

sees the feet of Siva, who salutes him on his return as the first-born of the gods. Now, De Gubernatis regards this fable as "making the boar emblem of the hidden moon", and Mr. Conway thinks there is no doubt that the boar at an early period became emblematic of the wild forces of Nature. "From being hunted by King Odin on earth it passed to be his favourite food in Valhalla, and a prominent figure in his spectral hunt." But it is with the moon, not with Odin, that we are at present concerned, and we note two curious items mentioned by Conway. In Sicilian legend, he says, "Zafarana, by throwing three hog's bristles on embers, renews her husband's youth"; and in Esthonian legend, a prince, by eating pork, acquires the faculty of understanding the language of birds. All this opens up a very suggestive field of enquiry. Thus, Plutarch says that the reason why the Jews would not eat swine's flesh was because Adonis was slain by a boar, and Bacchus and Adonis, he says, were the same divinities. Now, if we turn to Herodotus, we find that careful narrator saying: "The only deities to whom the Egyptians offer swine are Bacchus and Luna; to these they sacrifice swine when the moon is full, after which they eat the flesh," which at other times they disdain. The meaning of these sacrifices is understood by those interested, and we do not propose to go further into the matter. All we wish to do is to point out the curious involvements, among so many nations, of the moon and the boar.

May we not even trace a connection with the superstition current in Suffolk, according to "C. W. J." in *The Book of Days*? "C. W. J." says that in his part of the world it is considered unlucky to kill a pig when the moon is on the wane, and, if it is done, the pork will waste in boiling. "I have known," he says, "the shrinking of bacon in the pot attributed to the fact of the pig having been killed in the moon's decrease; and I have also known the death of poor piggy delayed or hastened so as to happen during its increase." Truly the old superstitions die hard!

The moon's supposed influence on the weather is a matter of general knowledge. The writer last quoted mentions it as a very prevalent belief that the general condition of the atmosphere throughout the world during any lunation depends on whether the moon changed before or after midnight. Another superstition is that if the new moon happens on a Saturday, the

weather will be bad during the month. On the other hand, in Suffolk, the old moon in the arms of the new one is accounted a sign of fine weather, contrary to the belief in Scotland, where, it may be remembered, in the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, it is taken as a presage of storm and disaster. Shakespeare has many allusions to the moon's influence on the weather, as "The moon, the governess of floods, pale in her anger, washes the air"; "The moon, one thinks, looks with a watery eye; and when she weeps, weeps every little flower"; "Upon the corner of the moon there hangs a vaporous drop profound," and so forth. Then we have the old proverb: "So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas Day, so many floods after." Other beliefs are mentioned by Mr. Harley—such as, that if Christmas comes during a waning moon, we shall have a good year, and the converse; that new moon on Monday is a certain sign of good weather; that a misty moon indicates heavy rain; that the horns of the moon, turned upward, predict a good, and, turned downward, a bad, season; that a large star near the moon is a certain prognostication of storm. In fact, the superstitions in this connection are legion, and are not confined to any country. They are as common in China, where the moon is still worshipped, as they are in England, where, in some places, old men still touch their hats and maidens still bob a curtsy in sight of the new moon. We have thus the relics of moon-worship about us still, as well as a strong popular belief in the moon as an active physical agent. Whether the actual influence of the moon on the tides lies at the basis of the belief in its influence on the weather, we know not, but it is probable, and at any rate it is curious that the Persians held that the moon was the cause of an abundant supply of water and rain, while in the Japanese fairy-tale the moon was made to rule over the blue waste of the sea with its multitudinous salt waters. The horticultural superstitions about sowing and planting according to the age of the moon, is no doubt a product of the fusion of the meteorological superstition and that of the old-world belief in Luna being the goddess of reproduction.

Any who have still doubts on the meteorological question, cannot do better than refer to a letter of Professor Nichol's—late Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow—which is quoted in

The Book of Days. He asserts positively, as the result of scientific observation, that no relation whatever exists between the moon and the weather.

But does any exist between the moon and the brain? "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the moon was supposed to be the instrument—nay, still is, as the very word "lunacy" implies. The old astrologers used to say that she governed the brain, stomach, bowels, and left eye of the male, and the right eye of the female. Some such influences were evidently believed in by the Jews, as witness the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm: "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." It may be remarked that Dr. Forbes Winslow is not very decided in dismissing the theory of the influence of the moon on the insane. He says it is purely speculative, but he does not controvert it. The subject is, however, too large to enter upon now. Whether or not it be true that "when the moon's in the full then wit's in the wane"; it certainly is not true, as appears to be believed in Sussex, that the new May moon has power to cure scrofulous complaints.

Before leaving our subject it is well to mention a remarkable coincidence to which Mr. Harley draws attention. In China, where moon-worship largely prevails, during the festival of Yue-Ping, which is held annually during the eighth month, incense is burned in the temples, cakes are made like the moon, and at full moon the people spread out oblations and make prostrations to the planet. These cakes are moon-cakes and veritable offerings to the Queen of Heaven, who represents the female principle in Chinese theology. "If we turn now to Jeremiah vii., 18, and read there, 'The women knead dough to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods,' and remember that, according to Rashi, these cakes of the Hebrews had the image of the god or goddess stamped upon them, we are in view of a fact of much interest." The interest becomes greater when we learn that in parts of Lancashire there exists a precisely similar custom of making cakes in honour of the Queen of Heaven. From these facts, the discovery of two buns, each marked with a cross, in Herculeanum, and other evidences, we are driven to the conclusion that the "hot-cross buns" of Christian England are in reality but a relic of moon-worship!

VICTIMS.

By THEO. GIFT.

*Author of "Lil Lorimer," "An Alibi and its Price,"
Etc., Etc.*

CHAPTER VIII. THE LEGEND OF ST. TRYPHINE.

It was between ten and eleven on the following morning that George Marstrand, having rowed himself to shore from his houseboat, sprang lightly up the little wooden steps leading to the water from the Lucases' lawn, and was proceeding in the direction of the house, when a murmur of youthful voices from behind some shrubs in the neighbourhood caused him to turn his steps in that direction, on the chance of finding there some of the family he had come to visit.

"The sight that met his eyes was a pretty enough one to detain him.

Under the drooping boughs of a tulip-tree, whose broad leaves cast a pleasant, dappled shade over the velvety, sun-kissed grass, was gathered a little group consisting of three very young children and a girl, youthful and fair enough to have attracted the attention of any man not unduly soured or satiated by the sex. It was the same girl—he recognised that at once—whom he had seen in that one moment of illumination on the previous evening, and had somehow thought of more than once since, with a sensation of mingled pleasure, amusement, and curiosity. But she looked far more charming now, clad in a simple morning-gown of bluish cambric, its limp, clinging folds gathered tightly under her, and making apparent the extreme smallness and delicacy of her slender, girlish figure, as she sat curled up on the warm grass, one sturdy, black-eyed child of two nestled in her arms, its dark head resting on her bosom, and its plump, rosy arms clasped round her neck; another fairylike girl of four frisking about behind her, busy in unplaiting the thick tress of ruddy hair which fell from the back of her small head, and letting the light, glittering strands flow over her shoulders like a mermaid's veil; while the third, a stout boy of six or seven, lay stretched at full length on the grass at her feet, his chin supported on his folded arms, and his face turned upwards in vehement remonstrance at the interruptions caused by his sister's operations to the story that was being told them.

"Alix does tease so," he said impatiently.

"Why do you let her, Vera? It's very rude. Alix, I'll tell mamma if you go on."

"Oh no, don't, Bengy," said Vera's soft voice. "It isn't rude if I let her, you know, and I did. I said she might."

"'Cause I doesn't tease you, does I, Vera?" put in little Alix eagerly. "I does it welly gently."

"Oh no, ducky, you don't tease. Now, Ben. I'm going on. So St. Tryphine——"

"But, Vera, I want to know something, only Alix would bother. What do you call her 'saint' for? What is a saint?"

"Oh, the Brittany people called her so because she was so good. Very, very good people are called saints when they die."

"Then my papa will be called St. Lucas," said Ben triumphantly, nor knew why the syringa and laurel bushes behind him shook as with a sudden gust of wind, "for he's awful good. He's the goodest man anywhere, except grandpapa. Grandpapa's so good he don't even need to go to synagoge. Mamma says so."

"Go on with 'tory, Vera," said Alix. "Us doesn't want Ben to talk."

"I'm not talking," said Ben; "I'm asking questions. Aunt Leah says I may ask questions when I don't un'erstand, and I wants to un'erstand one thing more. Why did St. Tryphine, if she was so good, marry a wicked old Bluebeard of a King who had killed four wives already?"

"She didn't know that he had killed them. All that anyone knew was that he had had four wives, and each of them died as soon as she was going to have a baby, and perhaps they remembered what the old magician had said, that 'Comorre should reign all over the land, and meet his death by his firstborn's hand'. Besides, King Comorre was such a powerful monarch, and so fierce, that they, Tryphine's father and mother, were afraid he might ravage their country, kill the people, and burn the houses if they didn't give him their daughter."

"Well, I wouldn't have been gived, and I think they was a very bad father and mother to give poor Tryphine away to such a wicked man. Don't you think, Vera, she was a silly to let them?"

"I—don't know," said Vera gravely; "I suppose people must do as they are told—by their parents. Anyhow, Tryphine did, and for a little time she was very happy, for King Comorre loved her very much, and gave her all manner of beautiful things—jewels and rich dresses, and——"

"And toys, an' cakes, an' sweets—lots

of sweetsies?" put in little Alix, letting the loosened hair fall through her hands, and beginning to caper about in her eagerness.

"Yes, lots of sweetsies," said Vera, smiling; "and so everybody was very good and content for a time; and as the song about it says," and the girl's voice dropped into a soft, crooning melody:

"Partout Bretayne on n'y vois
Si belle reyne, si galant roy.
Sifflez, sifflez, mes oiseaux!"

"What does that mean?" asked Ben, staring. "Don't tell it in gibberish."

Vera held up her pretty finger.

"Hush, Ben! Bertie's going to sleep. It means—oh, it means what I said just now, that everything went well till the time came when Tryphine was going to have a baby too——"

"But what did she have one for? I don't think babies are a bit nice, I don't. She was a silly."

"Perhaps she couldn't help it," said Vera naively. "Anyhow, when King Comorre heard of it he was very angry, and determined to kill her too, so he locked her up in a tower, and told her to prepare to die."

"That was like Bluebeard," interrupted the irrepressible one; "only Tryphine had no sister Anne."

"No; but she had a ring which a good old monk, named Gildas, at her father's court, had given her when she married, telling her if she was ever in trouble to send it to him, and he would help her. So now, when she was locked up, she took the ring from her finger, and calling her pet dove, put it on his beak, and told him to fly as fast as ever he could to—— oh, Alix—Alix! don't pull poor Vera's hair so, you hurt her. Why, what's the matter?"

"Alix fwightened," sobbed the little maid, making a sudden dive under the soft meshes of hair she had unbraided, and clinging with both hands round her friend's throat for protection. "Alix see a big man behin' ze bush zere. Fink him's the baddy king comin' to kill us all."

"The man isn't going to do anything of the sort; isn't baddy at all, Alix, except for listening to a story not meant for him," said Marstrand, coming forward and adding, "Please forgive me, and don't let me disturb you," to Vera, who had started up, crimson with confusion, and was trying to assume a more decorous position.

It was an entirely fruitless effort, however, with Alix on her back, and the sleeping Bertie in her arms, and she was obliged

to subside on to the grass again, the prettiest little statue of embarrassment possible, her ordinarily pale cheeks rosy with blushes, and her loosened hair hanging round her like a warm-coloured silken cloud. Ben stood up and took a good stare at the stranger, both hands planted defiantly in the pockets of his serge knickerbockers.

"I know who you are," he observed. "You're a man what goes to see grand-papa. I've seen you in his house, and you give me some cocoanut-rock out of your pocket. Have you got some more there now?"

"No, I haven't. I shouldn't wonder if you found something else, however, nearly as good," said Marstland, seating himself on a cane garden-chair. "Come and see; and you, too, little Alix," holding out his hand to the girl, and stooping low enough to bring his bright eyes and broad, pleasant smile on to a level with the tiny face peeping apprehensively at him from behind the curtain with which it had provided itself. "I'm not King Comorre, I assure you. Why, what a silly idea! He was killed off dead ever so long ago, and good St. Gildas put him in his pipe and smoked him."

"What! Did he really—truthfully? How do you know?" cried Benjy in great excitement, and swinging himself on to the visitor's knee.

"Well, I don't know about the pipe part—not exactly, at least; but I know that he was killed after he had killed Tryphine and cut off her head; though, as St. Gildas—he was a saint, too, by the way—stuck it on again for her, that didn't so much matter as if I had cut off yours."

"But is it all true? Is it, Vera?" persisted Ben seriously. "And how does he know it? Have you told him the story before?"

Vera blushed and shook her head, a form of negative easier than speech just then. She was not surprised at "Mr. Burt" knowing the quaint old legend, however. Had not Leah told her that he often went to Brittany to paint pictures and attend the Roman Catholic churches?

"No, she didn't tell me," said Marstland, laughing. "I found it all out for myself. Didn't you think I was clever enough for that? Why, I'm as clever as ever I can be. I've found out something else already; and that is that you are fond of stories, but you're fonder still of sweets, and Alix there is fond of them too; only she is a little afraid of me still, which is foolish,

for if she doesn't come quickly, you'll have eaten them all up without her."

This was too much for Alix, who, won by something pleasant in the big, deep voice and merry eyes, had already emerged from her covert, and was advancing on tip-toe, one step at a time and very slowly, with her hands held behind her back, and her small face expressive of a charming combination of coquetry and bashfulness, until Marstland's warning and the sight of a white paper parcel which Benjy was already extracting from his pocket overcame all scruples, and she made a bound forward, and was straightway captured and lifted on to the other knee beside her brother. Even Bertie lifted his ruddy face from its pillow and said piteously: "Me 'weeties too!" but catching sight as he did so of the shaggy head and bearded physiognomy of the ogre who had seemingly got possession of his relations, his entreaty died away in a small howl of terror, and he buried his face again in Vera's neck and clung to her tighter than ever.

"A striking example that in the human animal even greed is sometimes subservient to terror," said Marstland. "Will your more trusted hand kindly make these over to him, Miss St. Laurent? And may I hope you have forgiven me, first for making one of your audience without permission, and then for robbing you of the remainder? The latter sin was at any rate unpremeditated. I had meant to remain 'en cachet' till the end of St. Tryphine's adventures. They were too interesting (especially with the Lucas annotations) for human nature not to listen to."

"But you knew them already," said Vera reproachfully.

She did think it was very bad of him to have listened, though she had not courage to say so more directly; and, after all, married men with (perhaps) children of their own, may, perhaps, take liberties denied to less fortunate bachelors.

"Quite by chance. I came upon it one day in an old book of Celtic saints and legends. And, by the way, I ought to apologise also to you for addressing you by your name, unIntroduced" ["Whose fault was it you were not introduced?" thought Vera, and coloured hotly at herself]; "but, you see, I had heard Miss Josephs's friend from Brittany was staying here, and though you don't know me—"

"I—I do know who you are," Vera faltered, feeling it would not be honest to

accept the imputation of ignorance. "I have met Mrs. Burt in London," she added timidly.

"Have you?" with a momentary lifting of the eyebrows. "Then you have met the most portentously æsthetic and religious person the world has yet produced. I hope you found it out."

Vera blushed still deeper. She supposed he meant to praise his wife; but the tone and manner of doing so were whimsical, to say the least; and how was she to agree or disagree, considering her very slight acquaintanceship with the lady?

"I—I," she stammered, and then stopped short in confusion. Marstrand came to her relief, the corners of his mouth working.

"Ah, I see you agree with me too completely for words. Unfortunately, however, the lady has not as high an opinion of me as I of her; and since you say you heard of me from her, I fear it was not in a way to prejudice you in my favour."

"Oh, please don't say that, though you are joking, of course," cried Vera, rather shocked. "Indeed, she—I don't think she mentioned you at all, except, by the way, to tell Leah that you had not been working since the Academy opened, but that you talked of doing a great deal in Switzerland."

"In Switzerland! What the—what on earth should I do in Switzerland? The woman must have been dreaming! There was a suggestion that I should join them there, but I refused to go, and that would have been as a holiday. And as to not working during the summer, I should like to know what Mrs. Burt knows about that. I know she keeps old Jack's nose to the grindstone pretty severely, but as he is her husband——"

"And—and are you not, then?" asked Vera, as pale now as she had been rosy. What blunders had she not been making?

"Not what? Mrs. Burt's husband, too! Certainly not, thank goodness! Though of course it is known even in Finistère that we buy our wives in 'Smiffeld' over here, we are, as yet, only allowed to buy one at a time; and the only lawful possessor of Mrs. Burt is the happy individual who is at present enjoying the sweets of bachelorhood on board a houseboat as my guest, and came here with me yesterday evening. Didn't you know him? The fellow with a fair beard——"

"Oh yes, I saw, but I thought—I don't know how—it was very silly of me,"

stammered poor Vera—"that you were he—and he——"

"George Marstrand, surgeon, now at your service. I understand, and also I now understand your righteous indignation at the impertinence of any man, not being an artist, presuming to pass depreciatory criticisms on Miss Josephs's pretty little sketches. You were indignant, you know, Miss St. Laurent. I caught sight of your face, and shook in my shoes as I rushed to the rescue. Indeed, I didn't know which to shake most for, Burt or poor little Rosenberg."

Vera could not help smiling a little. Perhaps there was something infectious in the frank geniality of her companion, or perhaps it was the remembrance of Leah's encomiums on him, "Everyone likes Dr. Marstrand," for she even found courage to answer:

"I didn't think it was to their rescue you came! And I was glad you did. I could not bear to hear them sneering in that mean, unjust way when everyone must know how beautifully she draws."

"One person, at any rate, knows something more to the purpose—namely, that Leah Josephs is happy in a very enthusiastic and warm-hearted friend."

Vera shrank back a little. Madame St. Laurent had a peculiar distaste for enthusiasm, and had always checked it in her.

"Nobody could help loving Leah who knew her," she said apologetically. "You must feel that, for you—she told me so—you are a friend of hers, too."

"A very old one. I've known the Josephs family off and on for the last eight years, and have liked them more every succeeding one. I was a pupil of the old man's once, you know."

"Yes; so she said."

"And a very troublesome one, working like a tiger three-fourths of the term, and then going in for a fit of idleness and good-for-nothingism just as the exams. were drawing near. I remember Leah rowing me about it once. I had been plucked once already, and was going on in the same sort of way, thinking the less of it because old Josephs let me off so mildly, and only looked a little graver and more careworn than usual; but as I was going away one afternoon I stumbled on Leah, and didn't she give it me! 'You'll be plucked again,' she said, 'and you mayn't care, but I do, for every time you fail you injure my father more than if you put your hand in his pocket and robbed him. You make

your parents and examiners think that he does not teach well, and he does, and you know it, and are clever enough to learn if you cared to do so; but you don't. You are cruelly selfish.' By George! she didn't need to say that to me twice. I worked night and day for the rest of term."

"And——?"

"Passed? Oh yes; and rather high in botany and chemistry, Josephs's subjects. He was delighted with me, dear old boy! But it was all Leah's doing."

"It was very brave of her," said Vera; "but I should think Leah would always be brave. I couldn't have dared——"

"To row a lazy medical student?" said Marstland, laughing, as his gaze rested on the slender, childish figure and soft young face. "No, I doubt if you could ever row anybody. Do you think it would be possible for you to frighten a very, very little mouse—if you tried hard, that is."

Vera's cheeks answered for her; but not as if she resented his banter, for she even plucked up spirit to say, after a second:

"You said I looked very fierce last night."

"So you did; though I was telling a fib when I also said I shook. I only wanted to shake hands with you. I knew we should be friends from that moment, for I like Leah Josephs quite as much as you do. Now, wasn't I right?"

Vera hesitated a moment from timidity, but her answer, when it came, was simple enough to disconcert anyone flirtingly inclined.

"I hope so. I should like to be friends with anybody that Leah cares about, she has been so good to me, and she is the only friend I have."

"The only friend you have!" repeated Marstland incredulously. "You must have led a very secluded life, Miss St. Laurent."

"Yes, very," she answered quietly.

"That is why, perhaps, this seems to me so delightful that I almost dread going home again, though I feel it is wicked to do so, when I only left on account of my father's illness, and he is not well again yet."

"But you are out of anxiety about him, I hope; so that, unless he needs you at home, there is nothing to prevent your paying your friends here a long visit."

"Oh, papa does not need me. He never wants anyone but mamma when he is ill," said Vera rather wistfully; "and the Josephses have very kindly persuaded her to consent to my staying on with them while he and she go away for change of air to stay with a friend in the South of France."

They started last Friday, so—— but, please, do you think the children ought to eat so many sweets? Alix is looking quite pale."

"The little glutton!" cried Marstland, tossing the nearly empty bag into a neighbouring bush, and swinging the child on to his shoulder to console her. "Alix, if you've made yourself ill, your mother will never forgive me, and I'll never forgive you. Come, and let us find her. We've teased Miss St. Laurent long enough."

Yet he was not aware that it was fully half an hour since he landed in a great hurry to see his two friends, and make them promise to let him row them out that evening. The pretty idyll of that legend under the tulip-tree had detained him longer and more pleasantly than he imagined; and so infectious were his own ease and geniality that even Vera, after the first agony of shyness was over, forgot not only her offence against him of the previous evening, but, what many girls would have been still more conscious of, the dishevelled state of her locks, and the fact that this very dishevelment made her a great deal prettier and more fascinating in the eyes of a man like George Marstland, than the smartest arrangement of fringes and plaits could have done.

Leah, on the other hand, was keenly recognisant of both these circumstances. From her bedroom-window she had chanced to see the doctor's landing, and her first thought had been to go down at once and welcome him. It was only when she saw him pause behind the shrubs to listen (as she guessed) to the stories with which Vera was regaling the children, that she delayed her appearance so as not to spoil sport; but when he came forward and sat down among the little group, making one of them, and seeming to forget all about the other inmates of the house in sporting with the children and drawing Vera out of her shyness—more especially when she saw the latter yielding to his frank "bonhomme", checking her first impulse to run away, and finally smiling and talking to him as she could hardly ever be prevailed on to do to anyman—the bright expectancy of Leah's face sobered a little, and there was a curious half-puzzled look on it as she stepped slowly back from the window.

"Vera said she did not like him at all—that she could never like him; and she would not tell me why," she thought. "Had he said something unfortunate, given her some unintentional offence, and is he explaining it now and apologising?"

If so, she has certainly forgiven him, for she is talking to him as friendlily as if he were papa, and he—he seems to have quite forgotten his last night's objection to her. Well, that's natural enough, for no one could call her a Dutch doll at this minute, and I—I am very glad. I wanted them to be friends."

But something rose in her throat at that moment that was not wholly gladness, and the consciousness of it brought the blood suddenly into her cheek and made her strike her hands together with an impatient gesture as she exclaimed aloud:

"I do hope I am not little enough to be jealous because I haven't had the pleasure of making them so myself; or because I was more eager for a talk with him than he seems to be for one with me."

One special trait in Leah Josephs's character—an uncommon one among women—was an unflinching habit of honesty with herself. Many women are truthful to the letter with their neighbours, but few—fewer among good and conscientious women even than others—are equally so with themselves. Some, indeed, will actually shrink from such inward frankness as from something sinful, indelicate; will even (I have known examples of the fact) pray against it, strive against it, and make a religious duty of tying the very thickest of bandages over their mental vision, so as to shut out, if possible, the very practicability of such intrusive and unseemly introspectiveness.

Leah, however, had from childhood been incapable of seeing any force in such artificial blindness, or any greater indelicacy in being true to her own heart than to those about her. She knew very well that her feeling for George Marstrand was no mere liking, but a very steady affection, begun in the days when they were still boy and girl, and strengthened by lapse of years and pleasure of renewed intimacy after long absences, until at present he was like no other man to her, nor could she indeed think of any other in the same category with him. There was little more than a year's difference in age between them, and from the time when he had been her father's favourite pupil, and had boarded for some months before his final examination for the M.B. in their house, she had known that in a thousand ways

their thoughts and sympathies were akin; and perhaps few things had given her keener pleasure than the news received in a letter from himself during her stay in Brittany, that after spending the winter and spring in Edinburgh, working in the principal hospital there, he had decided on purchasing a share in a London practice, and establishing himself in the neighbourhood of his old tutor.

Yet even the keenness of this pleasure and the knowledge that it was enhanced by his tacit assumption of her interest in his movements, brought a twinge of pain with it lest that interest might be such as it would be her duty to check before it became too absorbing.

She did not think it would be so. She believed that his feelings for her were as true and warm as hers for him; but just what the depth of that warmth was, or whether it passed the bounds of simple friendship and affection, she could not honestly tell, and did not wish to enquire. True, it would have been impossible for her even to imagine herself any other man's wife; yet that she should ever be his seemed, if she allowed herself to think of it, almost equally so, if only for the fact that she was a Jewess and he a Christian; and, though Dr. Marstrand was not more dogmatically religious than the generality of young men "*de son siècle*", and Leah herself belonged, like her father, to the lax and modernised Reformed branch of her creed, she knew that her mother was, on the other hand, too faithful a daughter of the orthodox church, and too strict a follower of the Talmud, to look with pleasure on the union of one of her children with an unbeliever.

A man might indeed love her well enough to embrace Judaism for her sake; or, at any rate, to make such concessions to it as would enable her to marry him without any falling off from her present rooted and heartfelt loyalty to the traditions of her race; but that George Marstrand would be this man she dared not assume, and was resolute with herself not to enquire. It had been enough hitherto to know that he was her dearest friend, and she is. All else she could afford to leave.

The question came to her now for the first time—could she afford it as easily as she had thought?

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